

Nervous Women

Are troubled with the "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feeling may or may not be accompanied by headache or headache or bearing down. The local disorders and inflammation, if there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form and be a well woman!

Mrs. Eva Tyler of So. Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y., says: "I have been in a rundown condition for several years. Suffered from nervousness and a great deal of pain at certain periods. Have taken several different medicines but found your Favorite Prescription has given me the most relief of anything I have ever tried. Am very much better than I have been in some time. I gladly recommend this remedy to any woman in need of a tonic." Write Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

In Girlhood Womanhood Motherhood

PERSONALS

Miss Mary Henry went to Kansas City Friday for a few days' visit.

H. C. Wallace returned Friday morning from a trip to Jefferson City on legal business.

Miss Eunice McClure, who has been visiting in Sedalia, returned Friday morning.

Clears Complexion—Removes Skin Blemishes.

Why go through life embarrassed and disfigured with pimples, eruptions, blackheads, red rough skin, or suffering the tortures of Eczema, itch, tetter, salt rheum. Just ask your druggist for Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Follow the simple suggestions and your skin worries are over. Mild, soothing, effective. Excellent for babies and delicate, tender skin. Stops chapping. Always helps. Relief or money back. 50 cents at your druggist.

Mrs. Prudern returned to her home in Larned, Kans., Saturday morning after a visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Weber. Mr. and Mrs. Weber accompanied her as far as Kansas City to spend the day.

Spring Laxative and Blood Cleanser.

Flush out the accumulated waste and poisons of the winter months: cleans your stomach, liver and kidneys of all impurities. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills; nothing better for purifying the blood. Mild, non-gripping laxative. Cures constipation; makes you feel fine. Take no other. 25 cents at your druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for all hurts.

Miss Nadine Keith went to Kansas City Friday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. W. F. Kerdolff went to Kansas City Saturday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. John M. Price went to Kansas City Saturday for a few days' visit.

Strengthens Weak and Tired Women.

"I was under a great strain nursing a relative through three months' sickness," writes Mrs. J. C. Van De Sade, of Kirkland, Ill., and "Electric Bitters kept me from breaking down. I will never be without it." Do you feel tired and worn out? No appetite and food won't digest? It isn't the spring weather. You need Electric Bitters. Start a month's treatment today; nothing better for stomach, liver and kidneys. The great spring tonic. Relief or money back. 50 cents and \$1.00, at your druggist.

Miss Maggie Spears went to Lee's Summit Saturday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Fred Minch, who has been visiting in Kansas City, returned home Monday evening.

Stops Falling Hair

Hall's Hair Renewer certainly stops falling hair. No doubt about it whatever. You will surely be satisfied.

LOVE IN THE MIST

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"A birthday once in four years and both born on the same day!" observed Mr. Dawson, guest of his old school friend, Abel Whitman, whom he had not before seen for nearly a quarter of a century.

"Yes, Myra and Lucile are twins. I need not tell you how I love them and how proud I am of them."

"You have reason to be, my dear friend. I shall be very glad to meet the young ladies at their birthday party tomorrow evening."

Mr. Whitman went on his way mindful of the daughters born in leap year eighteen years ago. They were as alike as two roses on the same stem. They had known no mother since their infancy, and yet they had arrived at the threshold of womanhood model daughters and misses.

Only one thing troubled Mr. Whitman as to the future of Myra and Lucile. It began to look as though they would never marry. From early childhood they had never been separated for so much as a single night. Their tastes and preferences were similar. When one smiled, the other responded. When Myra was moved to sadness, the sympathizing tears of Lucile came into evidence. A sort of delicate telepathy influenced these gentle spirits when apart at any distance, it even for a brief period of time.

As they grew up, what one had she was not satisfied until her beloved second self possessed its duplicate. Dresses, ornaments, pets—there must be a natural ownership or one or both became unhappy.

Two such charming spirits could not fail to become socially popular. For all that, they gave little encouragement to the young men attracted by their beauty, their social position and the fact that the indulgent father was of independent means.

There was always some special errand they had for father each day



They Were as Alike as Two Roses on the Same Stem.

that he went to business. It was a delight to him to perform these little services for the loved ones at home. That morning when he kissed the young ladies goodbye he had asked them what especial gifts he should bring for the coming birthday.

"Just a bouquet of flowers, papa," Myra had said sweetly, and Lucile echoed the request.

"Any special kind?" he asked, with a mental reservation as to a handsome ring he had already selected for each of them.

"Oh, yes," smiled Myra. "We want some Love in the Mist. Ever since we first saw Aunt Hephzibah's pretty country garden, we have felt lonesome because the flowers we brought home with us faded so soon. They reminded us, too, of dear dead mamma's old home. They are not the kind that town folks sell. Do you think you could find some, papa?"

"I shall certainly try to," but Mr. Whitman visited four florists in succession on his way to the office to be informed that there was little call for "wild" flowers and that only occasionally a few came into the market.

At length, however, Mr. Whitman chanced into a neat, well-kept little shop presided over by a handsome, clear-eyed young man, who looked as if living with the flowers had refined his whole nature. He smiled in a pleased way at the request of Mr. Whitman.

"I can make up one bouquet," he said, "and my brother, I think, can provide another. You see, we each run a business. About Love in the Mist—we have my mother down in the country ship us a box right through the season. They don't always sell, but we like to have them as reminders of the homestead. They seem to keep us clean and fresh from the grime and rush of the big city."

"I declare!" ejaculated Mr. Whitman, secretly wondering at the coincidental preferences of his two girls and these two boys.

"I'll telephone Bob at his store and make up my bouquet. Where shall we deliver them, sir?" inquired Ned Alton.

Mr. Whitman handed the young florist his card and went on his way. Somehow the meeting with a natural, unspoiled child of nature had given

his heart a warm, wholesome feeling. Ned Alton telephoned his brother. Then he made up a bouquet of Love in the Mist in stock and started on his mission to deliver them. He reached the Whitman home, an isolated old-fashioned mansion, surrounded by shrubbery. As he ascended the front steps and reached out to ring the bell, the front door was pulled open violently from the inside and a vision of two pale and terrified, but beautiful faces bewildered—nay, dazzled him.

"Oh, sir!" gasped Myra, call the police."

"Yes," panted Lucile, "two men are in the house—burglars! They climbed in over the kitchen roof and the servants are all away."

"And they have got into papa's room where he keeps his valuable collection of coins," added Myra.

"Run for help, one of you," directed Ned, acting quickly, and casting his bouquet on the doorstep. Then he dashed past them. He was up the stairs in a flash. A sound in a near room attracted his attention. He rushed in to find two rough looking men prying open a cabinet.

One of them Ned grappled and floored. The other with a cry of alarm ran to the open window and leaped out.

At just that juncture Bob Alton arrived with his bouquet. If his brother Ned had been inspired to reckless valor at a sight of Myra's lovely face, the soft pleading eyes of her sister made Bob her instant champion. Behold, then, a climax—Ned marching burglar one down the stairs, Bob staunchly blocking the flight of burglar two.

The police were summoned by telephone and the robbers disposed of. Then the timid sisters insisted papa must be sent for. Would their brave knights errant remain until Mr. Whitman arrived?

Ned explained their mission. Two gasps of delight greeted the two bouquets. They were as much alike as the twin brothers, as the twin sisters. The quartette sat on the porch, and as Lucile glanced at Myra with Ned by her side, an expression of rare complacency crossed her face. There seemed to be a general pairing all around, harmonious and pleasing.

"Why, I say!"—Mr. Whitman paused as he appeared upon the scene. He simply stared. It was like a picture—the smiling girls, the radiant young men, the dazzling bouquets.

He extended a cordial hand to the bright young fellows who had saved the alarmed nerves of his daughters and his own priceless old coin treasures.

Courtesy and gratitude could do little less than announce to the two brothers that there was to be a double birthday celebration and that they were invited.

"I say, old friend," remarked Mr. Dawson the following evening, his eyes fixed upon the lovely twins and their twin escorts, "fate seems to have arranged a perfect combination," and when it was all over Mr. Whitman remarked to Myra.

"That most estimable young man, Mr. Edward Alton, strikes me very favorably."

And Myra blushed.

"And his brother Robert is his counterpart in good looks and breeding."

And Lucile blushed!

"I fancy it is four loving hearts with but a single thought," added Mr. Whitman smilingly, and both girls kissed him.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

TOOK THE CAUTION LITERALLY

Girl Need Not Have Waited So Long. But She Was Bound to Have That Same Car.

When Annie landed at Ellis island she was taken directly to the downtown home of her employer. She had but one friend in the city, who lived much further uptown. When Sunday came Annie said she wanted to call on her friend. Her employer took her there and called for her after tea and took her home.

Next Sunday Annie said she would visit her friend alone. She was given careful directions, ending with the solemn caution to be sure to take the same car as last time. "I sure will," said Annie as she started off.

Two hours later her employer left the house and when he got to the corner was astonished to see Annie standing there anxiously looking at every car that passed and muttering angrily: "Four hundred and wan! That's not it! Four hundred and wan!"

Stepping up to her he asked: "What's the trouble Annie?"

"Throbbles!" answered she. "Throbbles enough! Here I've been, for two mortal hours waitin' for car four hundred and wan—and sorta a sight of it!"

"Why are you waiting for car 401?" asked her employer.

"Why?" fairly shrieked the exasperated Annie. "Why? Didn't you tell me myself to be sure to get the same car that we did last Sunday?"

Nothing Like That.

She was a pharisaical old lady who often boasted that she had no flies in her house.

"But, auntie," objected the timid miss, who had come on a visit, "I thought I saw a few in the dining room this morning."

"Oh, of course," admitted auntie, unblushingly. "Those are our neighbors' flies. They will come in sometimes, but we never have any of our own."

The National Monthly.

So to Speak.

"Did that woman give you a turkey sandwich?"

"Yes, and she didn't growl about it neither. Gimme what you might call de glad handout."

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